

## WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. V.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1807.

[NUMBER XXVIII.]

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

## SELICO;

## AN AFRICAN NOVEL.

IF we might suppose, as the Parsis say, that this universe is submitted to two principles, of which one performs the little good we find in it, and the other, all the evil with which it abounds, we should be tempted to believe that, above all in Africa, the evil principle exerts its power. No country produces so many poisonous plants, wild beasts, and venomous reptiles. The little we know of the history of Morocco, of the Negroes of Ardra, of the Jaggas, or other nations along the coast down to the country of the Hottentots, must singularly resemble the history of lions, parthurs, serpents, so worthy to share that burning soil with those cannibal kings who send the flesh of their prisoners to the shambles.

In the midst of these disgusting horrors, amongst those sanguinary monsters, of whom some sell their children, and others eat their captives, there is sometimes a natural justice found, real virtue, constancy in torments, and a generous contempt of death. Such examples, however rare, are sufficient to interest us for those degraded beings, to remind us that they are men: thus in a parched desert two or three patches of verdure, which the traveller discovers from afar, console him and remind him he is still on earth.

In the kingdom of Juida, situated on the coast of Guinea, beyond the Cape of Three Points, not far from the city of

Sabi, its capital, there lived, in 1757, a poor widow named Darina. She was mother of three sons, whom she had brought up with a tenderness, happily common in nature, but rare in those climates, where children are only regarded as an object of commerce, and sold for slaves by their unnatural parents. The eldest of these sons was named Guberi, the second Teloue, the last Selico. All these were good and sensible: they adored their good mother, who, grown old and infirm, lived only by their care. —The riches of that family consisted in a cottage where they lived together, and a small contiguous field which produced the maize they fed on. Every morning, each in his turn, one of the three brothers went a hunting, the other laboured in the field, the third remained with his mother. In the evening they all met. The hunter brought home partridges, parrots, and sometimes a honeycomb; the cultivator returned with plantains, bananas, yams, and other roots, with coconuts, and fruits. He who had remained at home had prepared the common repast: they supped all four together, and strove who should be most attentive to their mother; they afterwards received her blessing, and lying down on straw, resigned themselves to sleep till the day break.

Selico, the youngest brother, often went to the city to carry the first fruits of the crops, the offerings of this poor family, to the temple of the principal God of the country. That God as is well known, is a great serpent, of the species of those named Fetiches, which have no venom, do no harm, but on the contrary devour the venomous serpents,

and are so greatly venerated in Juida, that to kill a single one would be looked on as a horrible crime: so that the number of those sacred serpents is infinitely multiplied; in the midst of towns and villages, in every part of the houses, these Gods are found, who come familiarly and eat at the same table with their adorers, sleep near their hearth, and bring forth young in their bed; which last favour is esteemed as a most fortunate presage.

Among the negroes of Juida, Selico was the blackest, the best shaped, and the most amiable: he had seen in the temple of the grand serpent, the young Berissa, daughter to the high priest, who, by her figure, her beauty, her graces, surpassed all her companions. Selico burnt for her, and Selico was beloved; every Wednesday, the day consecrated by the negroes to repose and religion, the young lover went to the temple, he spent the day near his dear Berissa; he talked to her about his mother, about his love, and the happiness they would enjoy when united. Berissa did not conceal from him that she longed for that time; and her father, the old Farulbo, who approved those tender ties, and promised, while embracing them, very soon to crown their tenderness.

At last the so much wished for period approached; the day was fixed; the mother of Selico, and his two brothers, had already prepared the cabin for the happy pair, when the famous Turo Andati, King of Dahomai, whose rapid conquests have been celebrated even in Europe, invaded the kingdom of Ardra, exterminated its inhabitants; and, advanc-



ing at the head of his formidable army, he only halted at the border of the great river which separated him from the King of Juida, who, being a feeble and cowardly prince, governed by his women and his ministers, did not even think of opposing any troops to those of the conqueror: he fancied that the gods of the country were able to guard it from invasion, and ordered all the *Petiche* serpents that could be found to be conveyed to the rivers brink. The Dahomai King surprised, and irritated at having only reptiles to combat, swims across the river with his soldiers, gains the opposite shore; and in a short time all the gods, from whom miracles were expected, are cut to pieces, broiled on charcoal, and devoured by the vanquishers. Upon which the King of Juida, having no hope of being saved by any effort he might make, abandoned his capital, and fled to a distant island, where he secreted himself; and the warriors of Audati, spreading over all his states, with fire and sword, burnt the harvests, the villages, the towns, and without the least pity, massacred every thing they found alive.

Terror had dispersed the few natives who had escaped the slaughter: the three brothers, as the conquerors drew near, had carried off their mother, and hidden themselves in the woods. Selico would not leave Darina while she remained exposed to danger; but he no sooner found her placed in safety, than, trembling for Berissa, he ran back to Sabi, to save her, or to perish with her. Sabi had just been taken by the Dahomais; the streets flowed with blood, the houses were plundered and destroyed; the king's palace, the temple of the serpent, were now only smouldering ruins, covered with scattered carcasses, of which the barbarians, as is their custom, had carried away their heads. The unfortunate Selico, desperate, wishing for death, braved it a thousand times among the soldiers drunk with brandy and blood; Selico traversed the frightful ru-

ins, seeking Berissa and Farulho, calling them with lamentable cries, yet was not able to recognise their bodies among so many mutilated trunks.

After having devoted five days to this horrid search, and no longer doubting that Berissa and her father had been the victims of the ferocious Dahomais, Selico returned to his mother. He found her in the wood where he had left her with his brothers. The gloomy sorrow of Selico, his air, his wild looks, terrified the afflicted family. Darina deplored his ill fortune; she attempted consolation, to which he appeared insensible; he rejected all food, and resolved to starve himself to death.

Guberi and Teloue did not seek to dissuade him by reason of caresses; but they showed him their ancient mother, who had no longer house, nor bed, who had nothing in the world but her children; and asked, if at this sight he did not still feel courage to live.

Selico promised it; Selico strove to think on nothing but on sharing with his two brothers the tender care they took of he old woman.

They retired deeper into the woods, to a greater distance from Sabi; built themselves a cabin in a remote valley; and by hunting supplied as well as they could their want of maize, and of garden vegetables.

Bereft of their bows, their arrows, and other necessities which they had not time to take with them, they very soon felt the wants of misery. Fruits were very scarce in that forest, and what little there grew, was contended for by the prodigious number of apes and monkeys. The earth produced only grass. They had no instruments to till it with, no seed to sow in it.

The rainy season set in, and horrible famine attacked them. The poor mother, always suffering on a bed of dried leaves, did not complain, but she lay dy-

ing. Her sons emaciated through hunger, were no longer able to go into the woods which were deluged: they set for the small birds which came near their cabin; and when they happened to catch one, which was very rarely, as they had not even a bait, they carried it to their mother, and offered it to her, attempting to smile; and the mother would not touch it because she could not share it with her children.

Three months passed without bringing any alteration in this terrible situation. Forced at last to contrive something, the three brothers deliberated unknown to Darina. Guberi first proposed to journey towards the coast, and there at the first European factory, one of them should sell himself for a slave, in order to purchase with the money, maize, bread, instruments of agriculture, bows, arrows, and what might be necessary for their mother. The two brothers remained in sullen silence.

To part, to quit each other for ever, to become a slave to the whites! those ideas made them shudder. Who shall be sold? cried Teloue, with a sorrowful accent. Chance shall decide it, replied Guberi; let us cast three equal pebbles into this clay vase; let us mix them together; he who draws the smallest shall be the unfortunate.—No, brother, interrupted Selico: chance has already pronounced; it is I whom it rendered the most unfortunate: you forget, then, that I have lost Berissa, that you hindered me from dying, by telling me that I should be useful to my mother. Keep your word; now is the time; sell me.

Guberi and Teloue in vain opposed the generous design of their brother: Selico repelled their prayers, refused to draw lots, and threatened to set off alone, if they would not accompany him. The two eldest at last yielded. It was agreed that Guberi should stay with his mother, that Teloue should go with Selico to the Dutch fort, where he would receive the price of his brother's liberty, and that he



should afterwards return with the provisions and other things which were necessary.

[To be concluded in our next.]

For the Lady's Miscellany.

### SELECTIONS.

WHEN the Turks came to the siege of Buda, there was among the German captains a nobleman called Eckius Rayschacheus, whose son, a valiant young gentleman, having got out of the army, without his father's knowledge, behaved so gallantly in fight against the enemy in the sight of his father and of the army, that he was highly commended of all men, and especially of his father, who knew him not at all; yet before he could clear himself, he was compassed in by the enemy, and, valiantly fighting, slain. Rayschacheus, exceedingly moved with the death of so brave a man, ignorant how near it touched himself, turning about to the other captains, said:—"This worthy gentleman, whoever he be, deserves eternal commendation, and to be most honourably buried by the whole army."

As the rest of the captains were with like compassion approving his speech, the dead body of the unfortunate son was presented to the most miserable father, which caused all them that were present to shed tears; but such a sudden and inward grief surprised the aged father, and struck so to his heart, that after he had stood awhile speechless, with his eyes set in his head, he fell down and died!

A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."

It was a beautiful turn, given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed, for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered, that she

had hidden him. This confession caused her to be brought before the governor, who peremptorily told her, nothing but confessing where she had hidden him could save her from the torture.—'And will that do?' said she. 'Yes' replied the governor; 'I will pass my word for your safety on that condition.' 'Then,' said she, 'I have hid him in my heart, where you may find him.'—This surprising answer charmed even her enemies.

"THE first step is the only difficulty," is an old proverb. It was oddly applied by a lady. But hearing a canon in company declare, That St. Piat after his head was off walked two entire leagues with it in his hand, and added with emphasis, 'Yes two entire leagues,' 'I do not doubt it,' she replied: 'On such occasions, the first step is the only difficulty.'

### PRIDE.

BOILEAU never dined with any of his most intimate friends, without being invited in particular, observing, on this caution, that a certain pride of mind was the characteristic of men of honour; but that a pride of air and manner, was the mark of fools and blockheads.

A FRENCH officer, more remarkable for his birth and spirit, than his riches, had served the Venetian Republic with great valour and fidelity, for some years, but had not met with preferment adequate, by any means, to his merits. One day he waited on an illustrious person, whom he had often solicited in vain, but on whose friendship he had still some reliance.

The reception he met with, was cool and mortifying; the noble turned his back upon the veteran, and left him to find his way to the street, through a suite of rooms magnificently furnished. He passed them lost in thought, till casting his eyes on a sumptuous side-board, where stood on a damask cloth, as a preparation for showy entertainment, an invaluable collection of

Venice glass, polished and formed to the highest degree of perfection; he took hold of a corner of the linen, and turning to a faithful English mastiff, who always accompanied him, said to the animal, in a kind of absence of mind, 'there my poor old fellow, you see how these scoundrels enjoy themselves, and yet how we are treated. The poor dog looked up in his master's face, and wagged his tail, as if he understood him. The master walked on, but the mastiff slackened his pace, and laying hold of the damask cloth with his teeth, at one hearty pull, brought all the sideboard in shivers to the ground, and deprived the insolent noble of his favourite exhibition of splendour.'

THE bishop of Amiens, a pious, and yet a facetious man, was requested, by a lady, for permission to wear rouge. The lady's character was half coquetish, and half devotee. 'I can give you permission, madam,' replied the bishop, 'only for one cheek.'

WHAT animal is it that in the morning goes upon all-four, in the middle of the day upon two, and toward evening upon three legs? 'It is man,' answered Oedipus 'who, in his infancy, goes upon all-four; then, growing bigger, wants but two legs in order to walk; and at last goes upon three, when in his old age he leans upon a stick.'

AN ignorant fellow maintained in company, that the sun did not make his revolution round the earth: 'But how then,' said one to him, 'is it possible, that having reached the west, where he sets, he be seen to rise in the east, if he did not pass underneath the globe?' 'How puzzled you are,' replied this obstinate, ignorant man; 'he returns the same way; and if it be not perceived, it is on account of his coming back by night.'

'My verses cost me very little,' said a poet. 'They cost, then, what they are worth,' said a hearer.



*Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.*

#### A DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

IF it be asked what superior attractions are there in London, where the majority of the inhabitants must, as long as they continue there, bid adieu to Nature, and shroud their heads in darkness, smoke and cloudy vapours.

It may be answered these are many and various, well adapted to a variety of tastes and characters. Some are indeed criminal, others merely frivolous, and others again of a laudable nature. Let us take a cursory view of the principal.

The gay and the ambitious, whose enjoyment is centred in making a figure in the world; who are willing to undergo a thousand miseries, if they may but appear happy, will naturally crowd to the metropolis as to the proper theatre of exhibition.

That place best answers their purpose which contains the greatest number of eyes, and an universal neglect of admiration would render them completely miserable.

The beauties of creation can wear no charm to those whose attention is perpetually turned on themselves. Lawns, groves, and rivers, neither compliment nor flatter; but to this class of beings, all other language is insipid. Therefore they fly with impatience to a spot where that dialect chiefly abounds.

But the inconveniences attending so great a conflux of the rich and gay are obvious. Their multitudes pall the sight, until a chariot and a dray-cart pass equally unnoticed; or should studied splendor awaken the attention of the public, yet those rays of admiration are unhappily divided and subdivided into a thousand diverging and enfeebled fragments, which each fondly wishes to be collected in one focus, and to be centred upon himself.—“The world the pede-

stal, himself the statue, and all mankind the lookers on.”

With these we will associate the numbers who consider pleasure as the first business, the worthy pursuit of life, and to such London is the grand mart, the paradise of Mahomet, where they may revel the whole circle of the hours in scenes of the most refined, or of the grossest dissipation. They may wander from auctions, morning exhibitions, and idle amusements innumerable, to plays, operas, balls, concerts, routs, masquerades, gaming tables, taverns, brothels, &c. till they have exhausted the largest patrimony, the most promising health, and their whole stock of credit, character and morals.

The town affords a transient entertainment to the occasional visitor, who is amazed at a mode of living so opposite to native simplicity. The bustle of the city, the splendour of the shops, the parade of business, the variety of carriages and equipages, the immense congress of people strike him as a superior kind of perspective box, or magic lantern, and he recites after his return the wondrous tales of what he has heard and seen, to his listening and astonished family.

London is also the stage of action for a man of business, whose principal object is the accumulation of wealth, and who, sportsman like, places all his bliss in the pursuit, being destitute of either leisure or taste for the enjoyment of his wealth.

A man of this character cares not where he lives, nor how he lives, provided he can but engross the means of living; and let him but possess a large number of the tickets of enjoyment, he is by no means anxious whether they be drawn prize or not. The whole extent of his desires is to make a figure on the ‘Change, to render the firm of his house familiar to all Europe, and to both the Indies; to be able to influence the price of a commodity, and to affect the rise and fall of Stocks. To such a man, London is, as

it were, the important spot, the point, the *fulcrum*, on which he may place his commercial lever, and where, provided his lever have sufficient purchase, he may be able to move the world at will.

The city is the most encouraging mart for superior abilities in all departments. It gives an equal chance to every trade and profession; it is a place where the meanest of employments may become the sources of wealth; and where chimney-sweepers, old-clothes-men, hair-dressers, tailors, and quacks, sometimes acquire affluence, and frequently enjoy the privileges of being ranked in the class of gentlemen. But the inconvenience and misfortunes are, that the man who brings his talents to sale, is often starved before he can find a purchaser: that the arts are generally encouraged in an inverse proportion to their utility, and those which most administer to the luxuries and vices of mankind, are the most certain of rapid success: that the forward and self-consequential, wrest from the rich and powerful, that patronage which is due to modest merit: that the ingenious artist and manufacturer has such temptations to indolence, extravagance, and profligacy, as greatly endanger his complete ruin. He who is able to set these various hands at work, often becomes rich by their ingenuity, while the promoters of his abundance suffer all the miseries of dependence and the insults of capricious wealth.

London is the happiest place of resort for the numerous gangs of sharpers and swindlers of different denominations. It is here they may follow their various honorable professions, appear in numberless shapes and characters with impunity; may meet with unsuspecting dupes in abundance, and, by frequent acting, become so perfect in their parts, as to be able to deceive every one who has the misfortune to fall into their way.

With these we may class the whole tribe of pick-pockets, thieves, house-breakers, girls abandoned to vice, bullies, hiring constables, and trading justices, who



conspire together to be the terror and pest of all decent and sober families.

Single men, whose circumstances, or whose apprehensions will not suffer them to enter into the conjugal state, too easily find in town all their wants supplied. The whole city is their own, if either the proper use or the abuse of any thing deserves that title. The adage that "a good man is always at home," may in a certain sense be claimed by them. For they may breakfast in one place, dine in a second, sup in a third, lodge in a fourth, or not lodge at all, without being missed, or responsible to any one. It is here that their virtue is put to the utmost proof: that goodness shows itself to be the genuine offspring of an upright heart and just principles, and not the illegitimate produce of prudential regard to character: and it is here also, that an unblemished reputation and foul deeds are by no means incompatible; and that prudence, decorum, and hypocrisy, may long serve a man, instead of all the abstemious virtues.

And yet, these roving privileges soon grow tiresome to such men as lead such a life; they are for ever strangers to the dear delights of the social state, and the enjoyments of a well regulated family. He that is indiscriminately at home, is never at home, and he feels himself a stranger or a visitor, amidst his closest connexions.

To the busy politician who leaves all his domestic affairs in confusion, to settle those of Europe; who is more anxious about the national debt than about his own; and who patiently resigns his family to indigence and beggary, provided the public commerce be in a flourishing condition: and to the newsmonger, who continually craves after fresh intelligence, who imagines that nothing can be of importance that is three days old; and who feeds as heartily upon trials, bankruptcies, fires, shipwrecks, battles, executions, murders, and deaths, as upon the most

interesting and happy occurrences, the numerous coffee-houses, and other places of colloquial intercourse, become the centre of happiness.

London is certainly in a high degree favourable to sociability. Its inhabitants have superior opportunities of chusing their company. Here persons in similar pursuits, of congenial tastes, and whose ideas perfectly amalgamate, may associate in a friendly club, and spend their evenings in agreeable converse. Yet it is a pity that late hours, and temptations to intoxication, should often render it prudent for a cautious man, not to frequent convivial meetings.

Men who retain religious principles, and whose education or conviction teach them to prefer one mode of worship to another, may in this great city, worship their creator according to their inclinations, or the dictates of their consciences; or rather, they may chuse which road they please, in their journey to heaven. And it is not to be doubted but that the honest and good in each road will find their way. Quakers, Anabaptists, Presbyterians, Independents, Methodists, Roman Catholics, and Jews as well as churchmen, may there worship according to their own particular modes, and associate with those of their own persuasion. While the peculiar circumstances of the place, frequent intercourses of a commercial nature, and a general inattention to every other part of a man's character, except that of honour in his vocation, give to persons of these different beliefs, the fortunate habit, if not the virtue, of universal and reciprocal toleration.

To those pious souls who place the sum of religion in punctually frequenting lectures and sermons, and who dream that constantly going to school and learning their duty, is exactly the same as practising it, London is "a little heaven below." Tabernacles, conventicles, morning, noon, and evening lectures amongst the disciples of Whitfield and Westley, among Antinomians, Hutchinsonians, and Sandi-

manians, besides occasional preachers in Moorfields and other convenient places of open exhibition; may so fully occupy every portion of their time, as scarcely to allow them leisure to censure those who by omitting some few of these forms of godliness, enjoy more frequent opportunities of conducting themselves by its genuine power.

London is also a place very advantageous to the student in his pursuit of various branches of science; where, by attending on different professors, conversing with men of genius, learning, and experience, consulting libraries, visiting museums, exhibitions, &c. he may enjoy the means of making the most desirable progress in his studies, if he have sufficient resolution to escape the dangerous dissipation of the place.

The town may also be thought the proper school of manners; where the collegiate may wear off his pedantry, and the country squire his awkwardness. The town in this sense must mean the multitudes of strangers who occasionally assemble there, and from whom true politeness and courtesy of behaviour may sometimes be acquired. For the plainest rustic would not improve much by his commerce with the natives. Very few of those whose education has been confined to London, are examples of address and engaging deportment; considering Europe as the most important part of the globe, England as the most important part of Europe, the metropolis as the most important part of England, and perhaps the place of their residence, as the most important part of the metropolis, these citizens of accumulated consequence, treat with airs of childish superiority and disdain, all those unlucky objects who were not born within the sound of Bow bells. These gentry are also very apt to mistake negligence and inattention for ease; a dull repetition of the contents of a newspaper, for edifying conversation; pert reflections, and satirical insinuations upon country life and manners, for wit and ha-



mour; whilst their good ladies substitute affection for politeness, a passion for every whimsical fashion for taste, and extravagance for grandeur. And they both unite in the opinion, that all strangers are bound to admire every thing peculiar to the place, even to its noise, confusion, and filth. In a word, they seem to claim the privilege of behaving as they please; and forgetting that London may not be the first mart for manners, though it be for various other articles, they exhibit their own coarse goods, for the very best of the kind.

(The conclusion in our next number)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

### SONG.

SHEPHERDS I have lost my swain,  
Oh tell me where to stray:  
Say, does he linger on the plain,  
Or wander far away?—  
I've sought him on yon distant hill,  
Where first he met my view,  
But ah! he thinks me faithless still,  
Oh, tell him I am true!

Shepherds, haste to seek my swain,  
For I his faith believe,  
And ne'er will think him false again,  
Nor e'er his love deceive.  
Tell him the tale which envy told,  
Of false, of deepest die;  
Nor beauty's power, nor glittering gold  
Could e'er dispel one sigh.

Shepherds, haste to seek my swain,  
But if his love is o'er,  
Seek not to wake the lambent flame,  
This heart shall love no more:  
Yet ah! the pang 'twould be to say,  
"My love, a long adieu!"  
Then, oh ye shepherds, haste to day,  
And tell him I am true.

MALVINA,

For the Lady's Miscellany.

### SONG.

AVAUNT ye gay follies, ye strive but in vain  
To make me seem cheerful and gay;

No pleasures can ever relieve me from pain,  
Since my charming Amanda's away.

Ah, that mournful farewell will for ever remain,  
Imprest, deep imprest on my heart;  
It seem'd to forebode we should ne'er meet again,  
Ah, why alas! e'er did we part.

'Twas a thirst after riches entic'd me away,  
My charming Amanda, from thee;  
But ah, long ago I've repented the day,  
That e'er they were sought for by me.

But should heaven, indulgent, to soften my pain,  
Send me safe to my charmer once more,  
Not the wealth of the Indies should tempt me  
again,  
To quit the sweet maid I adore.

JANE C. K. G.

Washington City, April,  
1807.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

### LINES,

Written on parting with the picture of H—l—n  
B—d—n, — A young lady of this city.

GO, then, if she, whose shade thou art,  
No more will let thee soothe my pain;  
Yet tell her it has cost this heart  
Some pangs, to give thee back again.

Tell her, the smile was not so dear  
With which she made thy semblance mine,  
As bitter is the burning tear  
With which I now the gift resign!

Oh! many an hour of lonely night,  
While \*\*\* thought her love betray'd;  
These eyes have known no dear delight,  
But gazing on my \*\*\*'s shade.

Yes, though my heart was sad the while,  
(As sad, alas! this heart can be)  
I've kiss'd thee, till thou'st seem'd to smile,  
And in that smile was peace for me!

Yet go—and could she still restore,  
As some exchange for taking thee,  
The tranquil look which first I wore,  
When her eyes found me wild and free;

Could she give back the careless flow,  
The spirit which my fancy knew—  
Yet, ah! 'tis vain—go, picture, go—  
Smile at me once, and then—adieu!

J. R.—L—N.

To the editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

Sir, I have transcribed the following humorous song for publication in the Lady's Miscellany, and trust you will oblige me by giving it a ready insertion. S.

### SONG,

Sung by Mr Shuter, in the Character of a Drunken Man, at his Benefit. Written by Mr Amphlett.

I'm come to—hiccup—sing I mean; they say  
I'm half-seas over;  
I'm sober as a Frenchman out of port—the port  
of Dover.  
Egad I am a little gone—the devil take the floor  
here;—  
Beg pardon, ladies, but you've fall seen me dis-  
guis'd before here.

You gents who wish to see the world, drink,  
drink till you are blind sirs;  
Beg pardon if I blunder—I'm unsettled in my  
mind sirs;  
Like Anson, round the world I'll never travel, for  
d'ye see, sirs,  
The world is so polite, that it keeps going round  
with me, sirs!

That drinking is a virtue, there are none that  
drink will doubt, sirs,  
For if they've any in them, when they're drunk  
it will come out, sirs;  
A tippler is as bold as any Hector in the land, sirs,  
For all the highwaymen on earth could never  
make him stand, sirs.

I hate all bachelors myself—they're bores beyond  
all bearing,  
They're always so d—n'd stupid, too—beg, par-  
don, tho' for swearing;  
And, ladies, if before among the gentlemen you  
scan there,  
You'd drink a little more, you'd never see a single  
man there.

If folks see double when their drunk with wine or  
stout October,  
I wonder who the devil in these times would e'er  
be sober;  
If true, 'tis certain I'm not drunk, whatever me-  
befal, sirs,  
For may I never drink again, if I can see at all,  
sirs!

At our benefit, an extra glass gives vigour to our  
merits,  
And when we meet our friends, we know we  
ought to be in spirits;  
And if I've in the sunshine been, it is my exulta-  
tion,  
'Twas the sunshine of your smiles, and that [so-  
berly] is my intoxication.



For the Lady's Miscellany.

### CROSS READINGS.

Lost, on Monday last, a red morocco pocket-book, containing—8 barrels Nova Scotia potatoes, and 6 crates earthenware.

For sale, the subscriber's house and lot—which may be fitted for sea at a small expence.

Removed from the corner of Pine and South streets,—a three story fire proof store.

The ship Gold Hunter came up last evening—and may be seen at the Academy of Arts, Broadway.

Will be sold at public auction on the first fair day—a small consignment of Elocution. P. T.

A certain gentleman in the city, who had a termagant wife, requested his friend who was a tolerable poet, to write a copy of verses on a *shrew*. 'I cannot imagine my dear sir,' said his friend, why you should want a *copy*, who have so good an *original*.

A gentleman meeting a very young and beautiful girl in the pump-room at Ballston, asked her why she drank the waters? 'From mere wantonness, sir,' said she. 'And pray, madam,' said he gravely, 'have they cured you?'

### PESTS OF SOCIETY.

There is not a more intolerable nuisance in the world than an inquisitive, intermeddling, false friend. Nothing more formidable than an opulent scoundrel, and an avaricious judge. Nothing more disgusting than a half-learned, dogmatical scholar. Nothing more common than a knavish gamester. Nothing more despicable than a prince who is guilty of a lie. Nothing more ridiculous than an amorous old man; a person who is proud; or a bully without spirit.

Four things should never flatter us: familiarity with the great—the carresses of women—the smile of our enemies—

and a warm day in winter:—for these things are not of long duration.

### FIRST RATE SINGER.

In England, in the year 1728, a first rate singer could only obtain thirty shillings per week (which according to the number of playing weeks in the season, amounts to forty-five pounds per year,) whilst a first-rate singer in the year 1801 was thought worthy of an arbitration between two rival managers, contending who should have her, at the rate of *three thousand pounds* the season, and a clear benefit!

From the Providence Gazette.

*Copy of a letter from Prince Jenkes, a black man to Mrs F——, written in the winter of 1799.*

To the good Mrs. F——, whose condition supplies the means, and whose heart the disposition, to enjoy and to bestow—poor Prince Jenkes wishes health and long life.

I am poor, madam—so miserably poor, that all my possessions are about two thirds of a human body, containing, however, a grateful heart. There is not left for me even to choose between working and begging. I have not limbs enough, by two or three, for the one—and your ladyship's goodness had almost deprived me of the other. To him who has nothing any thing will be acceptable, and ever so little will be valuable. I assisted *General Washington*, madam, in achieving the liberties of America—When we had nothing to eat, he and I were messmates: and when we lay on the cold ground, he was my bedfellow. The honest ambition of his soul has been deservedly gratified; and if I can succeed to keep the cold weather a quarter of an inch from my skin, and make my dinner last as long as my appetite, mine will also be gratified.

PRINCE JENKES.

Saturday, May 9.

By an arrival at Baltimore, information has been obtained, of the re-capture of Buenos Ayres by the English.

Deaths in this city during the last week. Men 14, women 13, boys 3, girls 4.—Total 34.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

There are some inaccuracies in Lucretia Heartly's observations, which render them unfit to meet the public eye.

Juba's Enigma cannot be inserted, without our first obtaining the solution.

### MARRIED.

On Monday evening, capt. Alexander Sisson, to Miss Rhodes, only daughter of Wm. Rhodes, Esq. merchant, all of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the reverend Mr. Lyell, Dr. Benjamin Kissam, to Miss Mary Atkinson, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Abeel, Mr. James Chrystie, merchant, to Miss Adden Nicholson.

At Albany, Mr. Amos Hayer, jun. merchant, to Miss Mary Chambers.

At Mattituck, L. Island, on Saturday evening, the 18th of April, by the rev. Mr. Goldsmith, Mr. Hezekiah Genings, of this city, to Miss Betsy Reves, of the former place.

On Sunday evening, the 26th of April, Mr. Matthew Curtis, of Danbury, Conn. to Miss Betsy White, of this city.

### DIED.

On Wednesday, capt. Jacob Funk, in the 26th year of his age.

On Friday, the 1st inst. of a lingering disease, Miss Eliza Titus, daughter of Mr. Israel Titus.

At Far Rockaway, on the 4th inst. Mr. Jeremiah Vanderbilt, of the dropsey.

### WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

Two or three Tayloresses, regularly bred to the trade. Also, two or three female apprentices to the tailor's business. Inquire at 214 Greenwich street. May 9.

### MILES HITCHCOCK,

HAS FOR SALE AT HIS  
TEA STORE,

No. 36 Maiden-Lane, corner of Nassau-street.

Imperial tea in cannisters of 2 pounds each.

Ditto do. in boxes containing 7 and 14 lbs.

Hyson Tea, in cannisters of 2 pounds.

Do. do. in boxes of 14 pounds.

Souchong, do. in boxes of 10 lbs.

Also Imperial, Hyson, Young Hyson, Hyson Skin, and Souchong Teas by the chest, or single pound, fresh, and of superior quality.

100 boxes Rosett's best Spanish segars.

Also, a few choice pine-apple cheese, together with a general assortment of Groceries.

Families supplied on liberal terms, and Ship Stores put up at the shortest notice. May 2.

### MORNING SCHOOL.

M. NASH.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends that he proposes to undertake a Morning school for the instruction of young ladies only, in Arithmetic, Penmanship, and Geography. To be under his particular care. The school will commence as soon as application is made for six scholars. Inquire at at No. 7. Peck slip.

N. B. The day school will continue as hitherto, under the care and instruction of Mr. Fitch, and Mrs. Nash, as formerly, will instruct young ladies in Needle-work, &c. May 2. 3w.



For the Lady's Miscellany.

### MAN.

MAN is a restless creature—  
Around the world we rove,  
We range the field of nature,  
And soar to things above.

On wings of contemplation  
From east to west the soul  
Reaches the whole creation,  
And flies from pole to pole.

This restless disposition  
We carry in our breast ;  
We find in no condition  
A settled state of rest.

Man can have no pretension  
To happiness in life,  
With others at contention,  
And with himself at strife.

The infant in his cradle  
Is peevish to his nurse ;  
And as he grows more able,  
He grows still worse and worse.

For malice and resentment  
His inward peace destroy ;  
Envy and discontentment,  
Disturb the restless boy.

As forward he advances,  
To tread the paths of youth ;  
He follows every fancy,  
Nor falsehood knows from truth.

Sometimes he's melancholy,  
Sometimes he's light and vain ;  
The stage of youth is folly,  
Through every varying scene.

If hopes of gain invite us,  
We join the busy throng ;  
If youthful sports delight us,  
We wildly rush along.

But stores of hoarded treasure,  
Can ne'er content the mind ;  
And many a short-liv'd pleasure,  
Leaves a sharp sting behind.

If fancy or promotion,  
Prompts us to seek a wife ;  
We check each roving notion,  
And settle down for life.

View man in this condition,  
Is he contented now ?  
Mark what sad contrition,  
Hangs heavy o'er his brow.

The fair one that consented  
To be his turtle-dove,  
Her bargain half repented,  
And made a trade of love ;

Which tears his heart assunder  
With more exquisite pain,  
Than those whose friends with thunder,  
Or fire, or sword, are slain.

But should his wife prove loyal,  
One disobedient son,  
May prove a sorer trial,  
And cause his heart to mourn.

If one imprudent daughter,  
Should chance to be beguil'd ;  
He wishes ever after,  
He had never had a child.

If nothing thus destroying  
Should happen to his house,  
His children prove a blessing,  
A greater one his spouse ;

Yet still there is in nature,  
A torture or a snare  
For every human creature,  
And he must have a share.

If wise, the world suspects him ;  
If simple, they deride ;  
If poor, his friends neglect him ;  
If fortunate, they chide.

If kind and free, he's prodigal,  
If more reserved, afraid ;  
If prudent, he's distrustful,  
If credulous, betray'd.

The most exalted station  
Secures no lasting peace ;  
The ruler of a nation  
Is never more at ease.

The gallantest commander  
Is but a restless thing ;

Cesar and Alexander  
Bear witness while I sing.

Now age comes on with terror,  
Alike to fools and knaves :  
And death holds up his mirror  
To tyrants, and to slaves.

Our claim to great or small things,  
Must vanish like a dream ;  
Death puts an end to all things  
That knaves or fools esteem.

Thus while a man continues  
A tenant of the earth,  
He meets his evil genius,  
In sorrow and in mirth.

Contentment is for no man,  
This life is short and vain ;  
There's nothing but a woman  
As restless as a man.

I. S.

### MILTON.

When Milton was blind, he married a shrew ;  
The duke of Buckingham called her a rose. " I  
am no judge of colours," replied Milton, " but  
it may be so for I feel the thorns daily."

DURING the troubles in the reign of king  
Charles the First, a country girl came up to  
London in search of a place as a servant-maid ;  
but not succeeding, she applied herself to carry-  
ing out beer from a brew-house, and was one of  
those then called tub-women. The brewer ob-  
serving a well-looking girl in this low occupation,  
took her into his family as a servant ; and after  
a while, she behaving herself with so much pru-  
dence and decorum, he married her ; but he died  
when she was yet a young woman, and left her a  
large fortune. The business of the brewrey was  
dropped, and the young woman was recommend-  
ed to Mr. Hyde as a gentleman of skill in the  
law, to settle her husband's affairs. Hyde, who  
was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon, find-  
ing the widow's fortune very considerable, mar-  
ried her. Of this marriage there was no other  
issue than a daughter, who was afterward the  
wife of James II. and mother of Mary and Anne,  
queens of England.

### TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per annum, pay-  
able half yearly. No subscription received  
for a less term than one year.

To those who receive them by mail, two dol-  
lars, payable in advance.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CLOUGH, 149, PEARL-  
STREET.